

VESPERS OF OUR LADY



THE LIBRARY
THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
CATHEDRAL HEIGHTS
NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

The Church Union
Church Literature Association
6 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7

VESPERS OF OUR LADY

Our Father *and* Hail Mary, *silently*.

V. O God, make speed to save us.

R. O Lord, make haste to help us.
Glory be to the Father. As it was.
Alleluia.

From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia :

Praise be to thee, O Christ, King of eternal glory.

Antiphon: While the King sitteth at his table * my
spikenard sendeth forth the perfume thereof. (E.T.,
Alleluia.)

Psalm 110

THE Lord said unto my Lord: "Sit thou on my right
hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool."

The Lord shall send the rod of the power out of Sion:
"Be thou ruler, even in the midst among thine enemies.

In the day of thy power shall the people offer thee
free-will offerings with an holy worship: the dew of thy
birth is of the womb of the morning."

The Lord sware, and will not repent: "Thou art a
Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech."

The Lord upon thy right hand: shall wound even kings
in the day of his wrath.

He shall judge among the heathen; he shall fill the
places with the dead bodies: and smite in sunder the
heads over divers countries.

He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall
he lift up his head.

Antiphon: While the King sitteth at his table my spikenard sendeth forth the perfume thereof. (E.T., Alleluia.)

Antiphon: His left hand * is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. (E.T., Alleluia.)

Psalm 113

PRAISE the Lord, ye servants: O praise the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the Lord: from this time forth for evermore.

The Lord's name is praised: from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same.

The Lord is high above all heathen: and his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath his dwelling so high: and yet humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and earth?

He taketh up the simple out of the dust: and lifteth the poor out of the mire;

That he may set him with the princes: even with the princes of his people.

He maketh the barren woman to keep house: and to be a joyful mother of children.

Antiphon: His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. (E.T., Alleluia.)

Antiphon: I am black * but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem: therefore the King hath loved me, and hath brought me into his chambers. (E.T., Alleluia.)

Psalm 122

I WAS glad when they said unto me: "We will go into the house of the Lord."

Our feet shall stand in thy gates: O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is built as a city: that is at unity in itself.

For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord: to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there is the seat of judgment: even the seat of the house of David.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls: and plenteousness within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes: I will wish thee prosperity.

Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God: I will seek to do thee good.

Antiphon: I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem: therefore the King hath loved me, and hath brought me into his chambers. (E.T., Alleluia.)

Antiphon: Lo, the winter is past, * the rain is over and gone: arise, my love, and come away. (E.T., Alleluia.)

Psalm 127

EXCEPT the Lord build the house: their labour is but lost that build it.

Except the Lord keep the city: the watchman waketh but in vain.

It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness: for so he giveth his beloved sleep.

Lo, children and the fruit of the womb: are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.

Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant: even so are the young children.

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

Antiphon: Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: arise, my love, and come away. (E.T., Alleluia.)

Antiphon: How fair * and how pleasant art thou in thy delights, holy Mother of God. (E.T., Alleluia.)

Psalms 147, 12

PRAISE the Lord, O Jerusalem: praise thy God, O Sion.

For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates: and hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders: and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: and his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool: and scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who is able to abide his frost?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow.

He showeth his word unto Jacob: his statutes and ordinances unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation: neither have the heathen knowledge of his laws.

Antiphon: How fair and how pleasant art thou in thy delights, O holy Mother of God. (E.T., Alleluia.)

LITTLE CHAPTER

Ecclus. 24. 9, 10

HE created me from the beginning before the world, and I shall never fail: in the holy tabernacle I served before him. R. Thanks be to God.

HYMN

HAIL, O star that pointest
Towards the port of heaven,
Thou to whom as Maiden
God for Son was given.

When the salutation
Gabriel had spoken,
Peace was shed upon us,
Eden's bonds were broken.

Bound by Satan's fetters,
Health and vision needing,
God will aid and light us
At thy gentle pleading.

Jesu's tender Mother,
Make thy supplication
Unto him who chose thee
At his Incarnation;

That, O matchless Maiden,
Passing meek and lowly,
Thy dear Son may make us
Blameless, chaste, and holy.

So, as now we journey,
Aid our weak endeavour,
Till we gaze on Jesus,
And rejoice for ever.

Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One confessing,
Give we equal glory,
Equal praise and blessing. Amen.

Ÿ. Full of grace are thy lips. (*E.T.*, Alleluia.)

R̃. Because God hath blessed thee for ever. (*E.T.*, Alleluia.)

Antiphon: All generations shall call me blessed, * for God hath regarded the lowliness of his hand-maiden. (*E.T.*, Alleluia.)

Magnificat

✠MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded: the lowliness of his hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is his name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

Glory be.

Antiphon: All generations shall call me blessed, for God hath regarded the lowliness of his hand-maiden. (*E.T.*, Alleluia.)

Ÿ. The Lord be with you.

R̃. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

GRANT, we beseech thee, O Lord God, that we thy servants may ever enjoy health of mind and of body: and at the glorious intercession of blessed Mary ever-Virgin, may be delivered from the sorrows of this present world, and rejoice in everlasting happiness in the world to come. Through Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. R̃. Amen.

Ÿ. The Lord be with you.

R̃. And with thy spirit.

Ÿ. Let us bless the Lord.

R̃. Thanks be to God.

Ÿ. May the souls of the faithful through the mercy of God rest in peace. R̃. Amen.

Our Father, *silently*.